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Translated for this Journal.

Mozart's Requiem.

BY A. OULIBICHEFF.

(Continued from p. 146.)

Every one must confess that this style is admirably adapted to the lowly prayer, to the outpourings of a crushed and broken soul, and to the solemn hymns, which praise the glory and the works of God. Accordingly whatever there is in the *Requiem* of supplication, prayer, ascription, praise, meditation or Christian feeling, is treated in fugued or in simple counterpoint, as the *Hosannas* for instance, yet always upon old and purely church-like melodies. On the other hand, it is no less certain that the church style, as it was used in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, by no means afforded that epic and tragic character which several of the numbers composing the *Dies iræ* demand. Here he was compelled to use throughout a phrased and pathetic melody, with a choice of chords, a modern modulation, and a complete orchestra; at the same time avoiding, be it understood, any direct or most remote resemblance with theatrical music, by means which the composer of the *Requiem* used, and of which we shall speak hereafter. Where is the composer who would undertake to-day to write a *Dies iræ* for voices alone? The admission or rejection of instrumental music in works for the church can no longer be a question of Art for any one. Instruments are admitted by the Roman Catholics; in the Greek church they are not. That, however, is a matter of church discipline, with which we are not here concerned. Why should the Catholic church reject the musical intentions of the *Dies iræ*, in which Mozart has done nothing but reproduce, through the only

means his art afforded him, texts which had been consecrated by the ritual of the church?

Will earnest men, learned musicians, bring us back to the simplicity of Palestrina and Orlando Lasso, that is, to the childhood of musical art? Because you are writing for the church, will you renounce expressive melody, even when it has intrinsically a religious character? Will you renounce nine-tenths of the chords available, banish the orchestra, which did not exist in Palestrina's time, and only accept an extremely insignificant fraction of the whole technical and aesthetic material of an art, which has been perfected through three centuries of progress? In truth, men who write and print such things, make merry with their readers. Such imitation of the old masters to-day could produce nothing but a worthless copy or impression. To imitate Palestrina were not so extremely difficult a thing; but where is one to get the spirit of Palestrina, which was that of three centuries ago?

The sole end of this polemical digression has been to show how the text and liturgy of a funeral Mass among the Catholics conspired to form out of the *Requiem* a bridge of connection between the ancient and the modern music, under the pen of a composer like Mozart. Here are blended and reflected in the focus of one universal genius, the contemporary of all ages, the different tendencies which have predominated in church music since it has entered the actual state of Art. Here you find the antique melody of the choral song, which the Roman school had the honor of reconciling with counterpoint, in restoring to it whatever there was edifying in its lofty and original simplicity; there shine the treasures of harmony, heaped up by that learned school of organists, which arose and spread itself in Germany in the sequel of the Reformation, and of which the glorious representatives are Bach and Handel. In another passage you find, in just the right place, and in an incomparably superior degree, the elegance and the melodic charm, which distinguish the sacred works of a Pergolese and Jomelli, yet without any admixture of the theatrical and antiquated forms by which these are disfigured.*

The Abbé Stadler said: "So long as figural music shall maintain itself in the Catholic church, this giant work (the *Requiem*) will be its crown." But why? Is it merely because Mozart, being by the date of his birth farther removed from the source of tradition, had carried its chain out to the limit where religious Art finally ceased, and because he united within a single frame the great models of the sixteenth, seventeenth and eighteenth centuries? Was

* The *Stabat Mater* of the latter especially.

this historical cosmopolitanism, this perfect fusion of the elements which time and genius had prepared, the only title by which the composer of the *Requiem* placed himself above all church composers? Certainly not; for there is also something in the *Requiem* which distinguishes Mozart generally and essentially above all others; and something which even he was only once, by way of most extraordinary exception, in a condition to give.

We already know that Handel was the one among the old masters, from whom Mozart borrowed the most directly. From him he took, or is supposed to have taken the thought of the opening number: *Requiem aeternam*,* &c., which every one recognizes as one of the most sublime in the whole whole work; and Herr Weber cites the beginnings of the two works (the Anthem: "The ways of Sion do mourn," and the *Requiem*) as a most victorious argument in support of his singular view.† * * *

We admit that the thought is just the same, which without doubt is granting a great deal. Two preachers have preached on the same text; but what a difference already from the introduction! How much more learned and sublime is Mozart's commencement! How it breathes that lofty evangelical sorrow, those tears, that fragrance, and that antique poesy of the Roman Church, of which Handel, as well as most of the Lutheran composers, constantly fell short. And when from the midst of this mournful chorus a voice lifts itself to attune the words: *Te decet hymnus, Deus in Sion*, does not one seem to hear the voice of an archangel and of St. Cecilia herself with her organ, sounding a fugued accompaniment, which the most laborious efforts of mortals never could have power to reach? Here the

* Text to No. 1:
Requiem aeternam dona eis, Domine, et lux perpetua luceat eis.

Te decet hymnus, Deus, in Sion, et tibi reddetur votum in Jerusalem.

Exaudi orationem meam; ad Te omnis caro veniet. Requiem, &c.

Kyrie eleison; Christe eleison.

Rest eternal give unto them, O Lord, and may light perpetual shine on them.

To thee belong hymns, O God, in Sion, and unto thee shall the vow be performed in Jerusalem.

Hear my supplication; unto Thee shall all flesh come. Rest eternal, &c.

Lord have mercy; Christ have mercy.

+ M. Oulibicheff here also cites the first sixteen measures of Handel's anthem, and the corresponding eight measures of the *Ritornel* or instrumented prelude of the *Requiem*. The theme is nearly identical, but the treatment essentially different, and the whole resemblance is confined to the *ritornel* and following bars of the *Requiem*.—ED.

chorus gets possession of the figure of the instrumental theme, which has accompanied the solo. The song announces itself in canonical windings, which, long drawn out, like the echoes of a hymn from the first days of Christendom, resound through the galleries and tomb-stones of a vast catacomb. At the words: *Et lux perpetua*, repeated in alternate phrases, the orchestra descends in majestic unison upon the intervals of the chord; the trumpets sound the sublime farewell; the choir conclude with a soft and mysterious solemnity upon the dominant: *luceat eis*. Has he not already stepped into the eternal light invoked for the dead, he, who has written these first eleven pages of the *Requiem*, so much do they seem to transcend all ordinary human manifestations of power!

And these are the monstrous plagiarisms, under whose weight Herr Weber would fain crush his opponents, who, as he said, slandered Mozart far more than he himself did, when they assumed that Mozart put his name to such *youthful studies*!! But what if the plagiarist had never thought at all of Handel's anthem, or had not even known it? The reader shall judge for himself. While I copied off these broad citations, I sought in my memory for the theme of the *Misericordias Domini*, which Mozart is supposed have borrowed from Eberlin,* and judge of my astonishment, this theme is precisely the beginning of the *Requiem*:

Moderato.



Can - ta - be in ne - tor

The relationship is here much clearer, since as regards the voice part, i. e., the subject itself and its answer in the fifth, it amounts to identity. But for the rest, the *Requiem aeternam* no more resembles the various fugued developments of the *Misericordias Domini*, than either of these compositions does the anthem of Handel. As the Abbé Stadler tells us, the thematic subjects in works of the fugued style, are common property, like themes proposed for academic competition. Whenever Mozart chose a borrowed theme, which was harder to treat than a theme of his own invention, he deemed the thought worthy of another and no doubt a better development. He certainly would never have employed it to treat it worse than they who had used it before him.

The Allegro of No. 1—that is, the Fugue of the *Kyrie eleison*—is worthy of the slow tempo which it follows, and to which it is adapted by the plan of its figures in sixteenths and by the elevated, solemn character by which it is distinguished. But it presents difficulties in execution which few choirs can quite victoriously surmount. It is a pity that the ludicrous should so threaten the sublime in this masterpiece of choral composition. If the *Kyrie* is badly or indifferently sung, it is intolerable, or of a more than ambiguous effect; but with a masterly delivery it is sublime.

[To be continued.]

The worth of Art appears most eminent in music, since it requires no material, no subject-matter, whose effect must be deducted. It is wholly form and power, and it raises and ennobles whatever it expresses.

Goethe.

Mendelssohn and his Music.

[Concluded.]

The life and labors of Mendelssohn thus were ended. In glancing at the labors in relation to the life, we are first struck with the vastness of their quantity. A hundred works, many of them, of the fullest proportions, testify to an industry almost unparalleled. But indeed, composition was not the task—it was the instinctive occupation of Mendelssohn's mind. At all times and in all places he was engaged in the conception or development of musical ideas. This process was incessantly carried on during his numerous journeys, and at every resting place his first requirement was a table, that the results might be securely noted. Music was at once the medium and material of his thoughts, and those thoughts flowed with a freedom only less marvellous than their symmetry and intrinsic worth. It is said that his music to the *Antigone* was the work of only eleven days—a feat that equals Handel's alleged composition of the *Messiah* in three weeks. He was present in the Birmingham Town Hall on an occasion when Handel's Coronation Anthem was with other works, to be performed. The concert was already begun, when it was discovered that a recitative, the words of which appeared in the text-books given to the public, was omitted from the part-copies. Noticing the perplexity of the managers, Mendelssohn quietly said, "Wait a little, I will help you;" and sitting down, composed within half an hour a recitative with complete orchestral accompaniments, which were re-copied, distributed, and while yet wet from the pen, were played at sight. How spontaneously not only his thoughts and feelings, but even impressions derived from scenery, took with him a melodic form, is shown in the origin of his finest overture. On his return from Scotland, in 1829, his sisters entreated him to tell them something of the Hebrides. "That cannot be told," said he, "it can only be played;" and seating himself at the piano, he improvised what he afterwards expanded into the Overture to *Fingal's Cave*. The Songs without Words, which are now amongst the most popular parlor music in the world, had a similar origin in the habitual necessity for musical expression in place of verbal. The apparent anomaly involved in their title ceases when it is remembered that these charming wordless lyrics were really the native language of the composer, and that he is in them as truly descriptive, thoughtful, impassioned, or even satirical, as if he had held the pen of Barry Cornwall or Heinrich Heine. That they convey varied impressions to different minds, by no means implies that the ideas embodied in them by the composer were not clear and specific. What they mean we should be sorry here to guess, with the knowledge that most musical readers have somewhere near them some more pleasant interpreter holding the known credentials of sensibility and fancy!

But there would be an injurious error in supposing, because music is described as the natural speech of Mendelssohn's mind—thus accounting for the great breadth covered by its permanent record—that therefore his works are a mere diary of personal thoughts and feelings. Mendelssohn did not belong to the diseased ultra-subjective school of poets which haunt this age like so many unblest and bodiless ghosts, but rather to that higher order which includes Shakespeare and Goethe—the order of healthy, synthetic genius, which uses the whole realm of nature and the wide range of human character as an open magazine of materials for new and individual creation. The works of Mendelssohn are as various in kind as they are vast in quantity, enriching every department of composition except Opera. Even in this last direction fragments remain which only want completeness to rank with the highest efforts of Gluck, Mozart, and Weber. In his detached *scena*, entitled *Infelice*, and the published portions of "The Son and Stranger," the true dramatic life throbs as powerfully as in *Fidelio* or *Zauberflöte*. How facile and splendid was the instinct of representative truth thus imperfectly utilized, is shown in the equal ease with which it rose to the highest level of the two opposite schools

of Drama, the Romantic and the Classical. The harmonies he gave to Shakspeare and to Sophocles seem to be no gift, but a part of the organic growth of the works they illustrate. He does not so much sing in the two realms of Fancy and of Fate, as that they themselves endow him with their own voices. This instinctive fidelity to occasion and character is indeed visible through all his works, from the song, with or without words, up through quartets, symphonies, psalms, and oratorios. The mannerisms charged upon Mendelssohn, which do not vary with the occasion, may be all conceded, for, like the Claude light and the Rembrandt shadow, they serve only to identify the artist's work. Probably, for instance, no other composer ever wound up so many productions with flights of high soft cords *con sordino*. It was his habit, more than that of any composer known to us, to *concert* his music—the voices, or the voice and instrument, making quite separate contributions to the total effect. There are also occasional recurrences of phrase and figure, instantly to be recognized as Mendelssohnian. But all this in no way interferes with the integrity of each individual composition. The Italian symphony is as unlike the Scotch as Childe Harold is unlike Marion. The one is full of blue sky, gaiety, and passion; the other is misty, rugged, and charged successively with solemn and martial memories. Every work of Mendelssohn known to us is stamped with the same consistency. All his melodic wealth—and what composer has left so many fine airs floating in the memory?—and all the resources of his masterly part-writing, are made to subserve a clear precision and intent, thus securing artistic unity in the work, and conveying to the mind a satisfactory impression of keeping and completeness.

But in the chief representative action of Mendelssohn's genius, the mere dramatic faculty seems to pass out of sight in the splendor of a pure inspiration. He is preëminently the musical interpreter of the Christian Evangel. Many before him had embodied sacred sentiments and incidents in noble compositions. Anglican service-music and Catholic masses are rich with many a strain worthy of the uses to which they are consecrated. But Handel alone, before Mendelssohn, had risen to the full height "of this great argument." In the *Messiah*, the spirit of faith and of praise found expression so sublime that it would seem as if no form of ascription could be worthier of the Divine Object. Nor can it be at all pretended that Mendelssohn has exceeded or even equalled Handel in the grandeur of his choral movements, though the already named "Thanks be to God," and the concluding choruses of his Hymn of Praise and Forty-second Psalm, might suggest a doubt on that point. And yet is his, of all music, the most entirely true to the spirit of the new dispensation. To the great utterance of praise he has added the sentiment of love in its most exquisite forms, and to faith he has given a character of touching confidence. In his harmony the human and divine seem to be harmonized; the aspiration of man is attuned to the nature and precept of Christ. Those who remember the alto song, "Oh, Rest in the Lord," and the choruses, "Happy and blest are They," and "I waited on the Lord," will feel all the truth of what we write. This spirit is, indeed, transposed, with all the harmonizing power of light, through Mendelssohn's oratorios and psalms; and judging from the fragments of the unfinished oratorio of *Christus*, it would probably have found its finest development in that work. Sterner elements, however, are not wanting in these compositions. The invocations of the Baalites in *Elijah*, and the exclamatory choruses of the persecuting Jews in *St. Paul* and *Christus*, are terrible in their fidelity to the fell spirit of fantastical rage. The Jewish choruses, especially, give so startlingly real a presentment of ruthless fury in the mob who stoned Stephen and crucified Christ, as to set us musing with curious interest on the psychological question how far the composer's Hebrew descent in this case modifies the action of imagination. The chorus, "Stone him to Death," has intense cruelty in every bar of its broken and complicated rhythm. But all this, though in itself

* So says the Abbé Stadler.

fine dramatic portraiture, has its finest use in eliciting, by contrast, and in musical expression, the Christian spirit of faith and love. In realizing that contrast, Mendelssohn's happy and original conception of the use of chorales in Oratorio has greatly aided, however we may doubt whether his success has justified Meyerbeer in extending the practice to Opera. After the fierce tumult of sounds which precedes the stoning of Stephen, with what a sacred and soothing simplicity ascend the harmonies of the fine old German tune which follows—harmonies which well might be supposed fit to rise to heaven with the passing soul of a Christian martyr! By the occasional introduction of these adapted hymns, Mendelssohn strikes the dominant tone of his sacred works; and the fact that the impression they produce is sustained and even intensified by his own richer and more elaborate movements, surely justifies the claim we have made on his behalf, that he is preëminently the musical interpreter of Christianity.

(Continued from page 138.)

Characters of Musical Instruments.

(Gleaned from HECTOR BERLIOZ.)

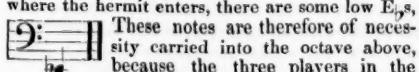
TROMBONES.

There are four kinds of trombones; each of which bears the name of the human voice to which it bears the nearest resemblance in quality of tone and compass. The *Soprano Trombone*, —the smallest and highest of them all,—exists still in some parts of Germany, but is unknown in France; it has scarcely ever been used in the scores of the great masters; which is no reason, however, why it should not figure there sooner or later, as it is by no means certain that trumpets with pistons—even the highest—can advantageously supply its place. Gluck alone, in his Italian score of *Orfeo*, has written the soprano trombone under the name of *Cornetto*. He has made it double the soprano voices of the chorus, while the alto, tenor, and bass trombones double the other voices.

These three last-named trombones are the only ones in general use; and it should also be added, that the alto trombone does not exist in all French orchestras, while the bass trombone is almost unknown among them; it is even almost always confounded with the third tenor trombone, which has the charge of playing the lowest part, and to which, for this reason, the name is very improperly given of bass trombone, from which it materially differs.

Trombones are instruments with slides, of which the double tube can be lengthened or shortened instantaneously, by a simple movement of the player's arm. It may be conceived that these variations of the length of the tube must completely change the key of the instrument,—which is the case. Whence it follows, that trombones, possessing, like all brass instruments, all the notes resulting from the natural resonance of the tube in all positions, have thereby a complete chromatic scale, interrupted only at one point below, as will be presently seen.

The sound of the bass trombone is majestic, formidable and terrible; and to it belongs, of right, the lowest part in all masses of brass instruments. Nevertheless, we have the misfortune, in Paris, of being utterly deprived of it; it is not taught at the Conservatoire, and no trombone player has yet been willing to acquire its familiar practice. Whence it follows, that the majority of modern German scores, and even of ancient French and Italian scores, written for orchestras which possess, or did possess, this instrument, must be more or less deranged when they are performed in Paris. Thus, in Weber's *Freysschütz*, there are some low D's beneath the staff, in the accompaniment of the huntsman's chorus; and farther on, where the hermit enters, there are some low E's,

 These notes are therefore of necessity carried into the octave above, because the three players in the Opera orchestra exclusively make use of the tenor trombone, which has them not. It is the same

with the sustained low C's, in the chorus of Gluck's *Alceste*: "Pleure, O patrie;" only, here, the effect of these double Cs is extremely important, which makes their transposition truly deplorable.

The bass trombone cannot lend itself to rapid movements with the celerity which others of the same family can command; the length and size of its tube requires rather more time to be put in vibration; and it will readily be imagined that its slide,—manœuvred by the aid of a handle which supplies, in certain positions, the length of the arm,—does not admit of great agility. Hence the real impossibility for German artists who use the bass trombone, to execute a crowd of passages in our modern French scores, which our trombone-players render as well as they on the tenor trombone.

The trombone is,—in my opinion,—the true chief of that race of wind instruments which I have designated as epic instruments. It possesses, in an eminent degree, both nobleness and grandeur; it has all the deep and powerful accents of high musical poetry,—from the religious accent, calm and imposing, to the wild clamours of the orgy. It depends on the composer to make it by turn chaunt like a choir of priests; threaten, lament, ring a funeral knell, raise a hymn of glory, break forth into frantic cries, or sound its dread flourish to awaken the dead or to doom the living.

There have nevertheless been found means to degrade it,—some thirty years since—by reducing it to a servile redoubling, as useless as grotesque, of the double-bass part. This plan has been at present almost abandoned. But there may be seen, in host of scores, otherwise very beautiful, the basses doubled almost constantly in unison by a single trombone. I know nothing less harmonious, or more vulgar than this mode of instrumentation. The sound of the trombone is so markedly characterized, that it should never be heard but for the production of some special effect; its duty, therefore, is not to strengthen the double-basses, with the sound of which, moreover, its quality of tone has no sort of sympathy. Besides, it should be understood that a single trombone in an orchestra seems always more or less out of place. This instrument needs harmony, or, at least, unison with the other members of its family, in order that its various attributes may be completely manifested. Beethoven has sometimes employed it in pairs, like the trumpets; but the time-honored custom of writing them in three parts appears to me preferable.

The character of tone in trombones varies according to the degree of loudness with which their sound is emitted. In a *fortissimo*, it is menacing and formidable; particularly, if the three trombones be in unison, or at least, if two of them be in unison, the third being an octave below the two others. Such is the terrific scale in *D minor*, upon which Gluck has founded the chorus of Furies in the second act of his *Iphigenia in Tauride*. Such also is—but still more sublime—the immense shout of three united trombones, answering like the wrathful voice of the infernal gods, to Alceste's summons:—"Ombre! larve! campagne di morte!" in that prodigious air the original idea of which Gluck allowed to be perverted by the French translator; but which, as it is, has dwelt in the memory of all the world, with its unlucky first verse:—"Divinités du Styx! ministres de la mort!" Let us here moreover remark, that towards the close of the first movement of this piece, when the trombones divided into three parts respond—imitating the rhythm of the air,—in this phrase: "Je n'invoquerai point votre pitié cruelle!"—let us here observe, I say, that by the very effect of this division, the quality of tone of the trombone assumes instantly something ironical, hoarse, frightfully joyous,—very different from the grand fury of the preceding unisons.

In simple *forte*, trombones, in three-part harmony, in the medium particularly, have an expression of heroic pomp, of majesty, of loftiness, which the prosaic commonplace of a vulgar melody could alone impair or destroy. They then acquire—with enormously increased grandeur—the expres-

sion of trumpets; they no longer menace, they proclaim; they chaunt, instead of roar. It should be remarked, merely, that the sound of the bass trombone always predominates more or less, in such a case, over the two others; particularly if the first be an alto trombone.

In *mezzo-forte* in the medium, in unison or in harmony with a slow movement, trombones assume a religious character. Mozart, in his choruses of the *priests of Isis*, in the *Zauberflöte*, has produced admirable models of the manner of giving these instruments a sacerdotal voice and attribute.

The *pianissimo* of trombones, applied to harmonies belonging to the minor mode is gloomy, lugubrious, I had almost said, hideous. If, particularly, the chords be brief, and broken by rests, it has the effect of hearing some strange monsters giving utterance, in dim shadow, to howls of ill-suppressed rage. Never, to my thinking, has there been better dramatic effect deduced from this special accent of trombones, than by Spontini, in his matchless funeral march of the *Vestale*:—"Périsse la Vestale impie," &c.; and by Beethoven, in the immortal duet of the second act of *Fidelio*, sung by Leonora and the jailer, while digging the grave of the prisoner about to die.

Gluck, Beethoven, Mozart, Weber, Spontini, and some others, have comprehended all the importance of the trombone's duties; they have applied the various characteristics of this noble instrument, with perfect intelligence, to depicting human passion, to illustrating the sounds of Nature; and they have, in consequence, maintained its power, its dignity, and its poetry. But to constrain it—as the herd of composers now do—to howl out in a *credo* brutal phrases less worthy of a sacred edifice than of a tavern; to sound as for the entry of Alexander into Babylon, when there is nothing more forthcoming than the pirouette of a dancer; to strum chords of the tonic and the dominant in a light song that a guitar would suffice to accompany; to mingle its Olympian voice with the trumpery melody of a vaudeville duet, or with the frivolous noise of a quadrille; to prepare, in the *tutus* of a concerto, the triumphal advent of the hautboy or a flute;—is to impoverish, to degrade a magnificent individuality; it is to make a hero into a slave and a buffoon; it is to tarnish the orchestra; it is to render impotent and futile all rational progression of the instrumental forces; it is to ruin the past, present, and future of Art; it is to commit a voluntary act of vandalism, or to give token of an absence of sentiment for expression amounting to stupidity.

[To be continued.]

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Beethoven's Early Sonatas.

Few, if any, biographies of artists afford us much insight into the formation and development of their minds. Such a void is filled in the life of BEETHOVEN by those earlier works (before 1798). They were to me a great anthropological lesson, and are the same, I have no doubt, to many others. This, and the fact that the note of "A. W. T." demands a reply, induces me to claim some more space for them in your paper.

My own impression is, that I have seen when a boy more than three Sonatas in manuscript; and to assure myself, I have examined catalogues and biographies on the subject until I found in the *Universal Lexicon der Tonkunst*, now published in numbers by E. Bernsdorf, Liszt, Marschner and others, in the article "Beethoven," p. 357, that B. published and dedicated six Sonatas to the Prince Bishop of Cologne.

The article in which this statement occurs is unquestionably the best of all that I have been able to read, and therefore entitled to some consideration. Still it may be a mistake of the printer, who has worse mistakes to answer for than this one. Nevertheless it may be that Beethoven composed and published another set of three Sonatas, and I wish with all my heart that this may prove to be the case.

What an interesting parallel those earlier works of

Beethoven form to those seven plays of Shakspeare not included in the collection of his works, but for which no other author can be found! How desirable it is that "A. W. T." should, either through your columns or in his anxiously expected biography, devote a chapter to those disowned children of Beethoven's youthful fancy!

F. W. M.

Roxbury, Feb. 12.

Musical Correspondence.

NEW YORK, Feb. 9.—There is one branch of music, which, though extremely popular with the masses, seldom is thought worthy of notice by writers; I refer to organ music—not the organ fugues of Bach or the studies of Rink; not the harmonious thunder of diapason or sub-bass; but the more common and more popular street-organ music. Some wretched creatures who have no music in their souls, are continually grumbling about the annoyances of these musical demonstrations; but this unhappy class of persons are few and are daily growing fewer. The fact is, there has recently been a very great improvement in street organs. The music is generally much better in quality than formerly, and the instruments themselves are now really a pleasure to hear. Often, at night, when the streets are still and quiet, on returning from the opera your ear will catch the distant tones of some air you have just heard warbled by Lagrange or Parodi, floating from afar, like a sweet echo. At one corner the death-song in *Lucia* is wasting its sweetness on the desert air of Broadway, while in the next block the *Miserere* of *Trovatore* brings back memories of Brignoli or Tiberini, who sing their swan-like songs in the little cylindrical prisons in which they are supposed to be confined. Then the next moment we hear the *Casta Diva*, and as we pass on it merges into some of Verdi's passionate arias, till frequently a night walk in Broadway is one continued concert. There is one air from Verdi's *Lombardi*, which belongs to the repertoire of almost every street organ, and is unconsciously whistled by news-boys and hummed by everybody else. Verdi is now the reigning musical genius in New York, as well as in Italy.

There is one air, however, without which a street organ would no more be a street organ than a man without a head would be a man. After Verdi and Donizetti, the street organs fall back upon the inevitable "*Mira Norma*," of Bellini, as if it was their *normal* condition. When you see a boy in New York approaching you, in nine cases out of ten you will be safe in the conclusion that his Christian name is John; and when you hear the tones of a street organ in the distance, but too far off to distinguish the melody, you may be certain that it is "*Mira Norma*." As a distinguished poet aptly remarks:

"Be weather clear, or damp, or stormy,
They're always playing 'Hear me, Normy.'"

Talking about *Norma* naturally reminds one of the opera at the Academy of Music, where PARODI and TIBERINI and MORELLI have been singing away to swarms of dead-heads, every evening's performance entailing a considerable pecuniary loss upon the unlucky manager. STRAKOSCH has made a great mistake in refusing to advertise in other than the three prominent morning dailies. The smaller papers, and especially the Sunday press, exercise an immense influence in musical and theatrical affairs, and are by no means to be disregarded. Strakosch has offended these journals in their most tender place—their pockets; and as his company is by no means perfect, the critics can find plenty of crevices into which to insert their critical crowbars.

The other evening at the opera I met a friend—one of those mysteriously "knowing" persons, who are gushing over with tattle and small-talk, and can tell you everything about everybody. He was a

regular *habitué* of the opera, and it was with no small pleasure that he found in me a listener; and I must confess I was greatly interested in his garrulous gossip. He knew everybody, and volunteered an indefinite amount of information in general.

"For instance," said he, "you observe sitting in the parquette circle an elderly gentleman with iron-grey hair, rather stooping shoulders, a pair of spectacles, and an opera-glass?" Yes, I had seen him every night sitting in the same seat near the stage, and apparently enjoying the music most intensely. I had not known who he was till Jenkins (that is my gossipy friend's name) told me it was Bancroft. There may be seen night after night our great historian, whose Ferdinand and Isabella (!) and Phillip the Second (!) have brought him an income of \$30,000 a year, applauding a cadenza and drinking in the delights of Italian music. He is one of the features of the opera, and Jenkins told me he knew him well, and that he had greatly assisted him in the compilation of Phillip II. But I never placed much confidence in these assertions of Jenkins.

Jenkins asked me if I knew how many dead-heads were present, and volunteered to point some out to me. So he directed my attention to a row of ladies seated on a front seat of the parquette; they were elegantly dressed, and attracted considerable notice from their beauty and self-possessed, yet unassuming deportment. They were a family of fashionable Broadway *modistes*, who by industry and energy have amassed a fortune, and own several of the finest stores on Broadway. I knew not what Jenkins meant by pointing them out to me, until he told me they were all dead-heads! The Paterfamilias, the Mater, and some six children had every night their free seats in the parquette. Why? Because they were friends of a well-known musical agent, who has the free entrée of the Academy and the use of an indefinite number of seats.

An elegant gentleman, arrayed in unexceptionable broadcloth, with carefully trimmed moustache, lemon colored kids, and a white ivory opera-glass, arose near me, shedding an odor of Fraugissani on every side. I was at once impressed by his magnificence, and inquired of Jenkins as to his identity. "Oh," said Jenkins, "I know him well. He is a newspaper correspondent, and gets books from publishers, sells them, and is altogether a perfect specimen of that peculiar race of literary hacks, a shabby-genteel Irish literary man." "But," said I, "surely that elegant person is not a dead-head!" "Precisely so," was the answer; "he is a dead-head."

A number of boys and young men made a little noise here, and I remarked how annoying such ill-mannered persons were. "Not to be wondered at," said my Mentor. "One of the young clerks in a Broadway music store had some twenty-five free tickets given him, and has distributed them among his friends." "Then," said I, "they're all dead-heads?" "Precisely so," said Jenkins.

An elderly gentleman, weaving a gigantic pair of green spectacles, who constantly flitted about the different boxes, had long excited my attention. He is the most uneasy man I ever saw. At one moment he is quietly settled in a stage box, gazing at the audience through a huge opera-glass; a few minutes after, and you are surprised to see him talking with a lady in the parquette; then you are astonished to meet him but a moment after in the lobby, in deep conversation with an Italian artist; you hasten to your seat, and are petrified at seeing him sitting calmly on the next chair, as unruffled as if he had been there all the afternoon. He seems to be perfectly ubiquitous. I seized the opportunity of asking Jenkins who he was. "Bless me!" said Jenkins, "everybody knows Count Gogolescrowsky, the author of 'Lapland as it isn't'." "Is he a real, live Baron?" I gasped. "Yes," said Jenkins. "Is he a—n—a—" I faltered, unable to speak the word.

"A dead-head?" inquired J., coming to my relief. "Oh yes, certainly; the Count's a dead-head of course, from his connection with a daily newspaper."

I was gratified at seeing at this moment a long vista of acquaintances, who were related to each other, and altogether formed quite a formidable array of crinoline, fine bonnets, and immaculate neck-ties. In conversation they assured me that they came every night to the opera, because, as they said, their friend Mr. Smith was a friend to somebody who had loaned money to the management, and of course he always had about fifty secured seats for nothing, and he kindly distributed them to his acquaintances. After this Jenkins pointed out to me the families of the different artistes, and a cloud of witnesses, who he assured me "belonged to the press." He also told me that the stockholders, having bought their shares in the concern long ago, of course paid nothing, and were *de facto* dead-heads. At last he promised to show me a sight not often seen at the Academy of Music, and pointed out a party of three, seated in the balcony. "There," said he, "look at them well. *They paid their way in.* Look at them well, for you may ne'er see their like again."

By this time I had grown bold, and so I said to Jenkins, "Are you a dead-head?" Jenkins said, "Precisely so." I then asked him whether that party of three were the only persons in the house who were not dead-heads. Jenkins said not a word, but pointed upwards. I thought he saw a piece of the ceiling about to fall, but he explained that he meant to direct my attention to the third tier and amphitheatre, where for 50 and 25 cents the real lovers of music go, and little dream that the fashionable crowd below is one mass of dead-heads.

So you may suppose that poor Strakosch, crushed by the indignation of the Press, and the weight of the Deadheads, cannot fail to lose money in his operatic speculation. His company is poor;—PARODI has not taken well with the audience, and the only hit of the season has been the undoubted triumph of CORA DE WILHORST as *Lucia*. She sang the part exquisitely, and good critics say that no one in the country can sing the Andante of the mad scene, *Alfin son tua*, as well. With the exception of SONTAG, I have never heard any artiste in this role, who pleased me better. Unfortunately, however, the excitement of a debut has had a reactionary effect, and Mme. De Wilhorst is confined to her room with illness, and will not be able to appear again in public for a long time. The opera season closes this week, to the grief of the Deadheads, and of

TROVATOR.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS., Feb. 5.—The "first grand concert," for the benefit of the poor, of the Springfield Musical Institute, last evening, was a decided success. The City Hall was filled to overflowing, notwithstanding the slight fall of rain out of doors. The choruses were sung with energy, precision and power, and showed the thorough training to which their director, MR. SHAW, must have subjected them.

"Adey's Orchestra," under the direction of MR. FITZHUGH, did noble service in the heavy choruses. The overtures, introducing each part of the programme, were performed well, though we have heard them played somewhat smoother and in better time at their rehearsals in Adey's Music Rooms. This was their first appearance, and it is hoped not their last.

The solo performances of the evening were excellent. The best was the obligato solo, "Inflammatus," from the *Stabat Mater*, sung by Mrs. BAKER. Her voice is a pure soprano, rich in quality, and reminds us of Miss ANNA STONE's, of old. The voice accompanied by the chorus to parts of the solo was given with remarkable effect.

"Wind of the winter night," sung by Mr. WINECHEL, was an excellent affair and well deserved the encore it received. Mr. Winchel has a superb bass voice, powerful as well as flexible. His rendering of the solo in "Crowned with the tempest," from *Ernani*, was admirable.

The "Mocking Bird," sung by Miss PENNIMAN, received an encore. A flute obligato, by Mr. BEEBE of the orchestra, added much to the success of the piece. But one of the gems of the evening was the "Holy Friar," sung by MR. CHAPIN. His rich baritone voice and true enunciation gave a peculiar charm to the quaint satire of the song, and called forth a hearty encore.

The duet from Spohr, "Children pray this love to cherish," by Mrs. WELLS and Mr. KIMBERLY, formerly of Boston, was well sung, though it did not bring out the lady's voice as a song of a different character would have done. The slight tremolo of her voice gives much grace and effect to her singing in public.

The trio sung by request lost some of its effect by the substitution of another tenor.

Of the choruses, "The heavens are telling" and "Hallelujah" call for more than a passing notice. The orchestra, piano and voices so blended together that a perfect whole was the result. The grand mass of harmony filled every part of the large hall, and had Haydn or Handel been listening, they would have been proud of the interpretation of the performers.

Among the basses we noticed a Mr. MOZART of Boston. He is making arrangements for a concert here by subscription.

Of the début of our young townsman, Mr. ALLIN, as pianist, we must express ourselves much pleased. His timidity will probably wear off with one or two more appearances before the public. In the humble position of pianist of the society, he performed his accompaniments with much credit.

We were somewhat annoyed by the lisping behind the dress curtain during the overtures. "A word to the wise," &c. More anon.

AD LIBITUM.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, FEB. 14, 1857.

THE ORGAN FOR THE BOSTON MUSIC HALL.
We are happy to state that the question who shall build the Great Organ, is settled. WALCKER, of Ludwigsburg in Germany, is the man. The basis of a contract has been effected in Germany, which, like the recent conference of the four powers, is to be reconsidered and finally settled and signed in Paris and London. The reasons of the choice we doubt not will be obvious to any one who, like the worthy president of the Music Hall Association, the zealous originator and agent of the noble project, will make the organ tour of England, Holland and Germany, as thoroughly and intelligently as he has. During the past three months Dr. UPHAM has examined most of the finest organs, old and new, in England, Paris, and the German cities, conferred carefully with the prominent builders in all those places, procuring plans and specifications from not a few of them, and taken advice of the best organists and experts in the matter. The selection has been made with a full view of all the considerations which should govern in the execution of a commission of such magnitude and importance.

In fixing the preliminaries, nothing (it is thought) has been left unsuggested, which com-

pleteness, effectiveness and all attainable perfection could require. Of course it was a great work to digest such a document; and, to make all safe, the final agreement (as we have said) is still open.

The instrument, as now proposed, is to contain 85 stops, arranged upon four Manuals and a Pedal with compass from CCCC to f''' or e'''', as desired; Swell, embracing the second Manual and piano division of Pedal; separate Swell and Tremulante for Vox Humana and Vox Phrysharmonica; and Grand Swell or Crescendo and Diminuendo for the whole work (4 manuals and pedals). It will have composition pedals; the "Pneumatic Lever;" a forte and piano division of the Pedal keyboard; a new and effective method of tuning the free reeds by means of nut and screw; new and improved pallets, guarding against variation of temperature and hygrometric changes; an improvement in the metal Diapason pipes, giving them wonderful purity, fulness and richness of tone; and all the modern and approved mechanical contrivances of the French and English to be gained by personal inspection.

The whole is to be constructed of the choicest materials and in the best manner, and warranted by a sufficient guaranty to withstand all disturbing causes (accidents accepted) for ten years. The number of pipes and cost of each register are named in the contract; and—a very important stipulation, which could not be obtained in England—the weight and precise composition of the metallic stops. Bellows of modern pattern, with channels and wind-chests philosophically and mathematically calculated. The organ to be so constructed, that it may be worked by two men at the bellows, or by power, (Cochituate water, or other,) as may be deemed best.

From two and a half to three years must be allowed from the time of signing the contract to the completion of the organ in the hall. The cost of the work complete (without case), set up and tuned in the workshop at Ludwigsburg, is to be \$13,000. All other expenses, of transportation, duties, case (to be made probably in Boston), alterations necessary to receive it into the hall, &c. &c., are estimated at \$10,000, making the entire cost \$23,000. One third of the first cost (\$13,000) is to be paid on the signing of the contract. It will be remembered that \$25,000 have been subscribed or guaranteed already for the purpose. When completed, this will be by far the most perfect instrument of the kind extant. It will add as greatly to the architectural as to the musical attractions of our noble Hall. The metal pipes will be displayed, and the superb structure, very broad and very high, will probably project in the middle and widest part some ten or fifteen feet upon the stage, with wings retreating gracefully, as is the custom with the organ fronts in Europe. It will complete architecturally the stage end of the Hall, by bringing the beauties of its design as it were to a worthy focus.

The whole work, when completed, is to pass under the careful scrutiny of the German government inspectors, and of any two persons whom the purchaser may select from England and Germany, to ensure that the minutiae of the contract shall be strictly complied with before the organ is accepted. The builders also pledge their own reputation and good name to produce, in every respect, an artistic work; one by which they shall be willing to be judged; and they engage furthermore to incorporate all essential improvements,

if any should appear during the construction of the work, without additional charge.

This, of course, is a very imperfect description of the plan. We shall have the full particulars, doubtless, in a few weeks, on the return of Dr. Upham.

Manners in the Concert Room.

We have received the following among other communications, all setting forth the same grievance. Our readers should be interested in the matter. We have selected for publication three which treat the matter from different points of view, so that it will be well to read them all.

J. S. DWIGHT, Esq.: Dear Sir—Is there no way of reaching the visitors of the Wednesday afternoon concerts, and urging upon them, as a matter of justice and duty and common politeness, either to find their seats before the commencement of the concert, or to enter the hall only during the pauses between the movements of the Symphony? If a half minute or even a minute's pause should be necessary for this, doubtless Mr. Zerrahn would willingly allow so much time. Many purchase tickets to these concerts simply to hear the symphonies. Is it right that the satisfaction for which we part with our money and time should be taken from us by late comers and chatter-boxes? If people have no regard for us auditors, they should have some thought of Mr. Zerrahn's and his fellow laborers' interest, for we cannot be expected long to pay for hearing symphonies, if we are allowed no chance for quietly listening to them. Vigorous measures have been taken this winter to prevent talking at the New York Philharmonic rehearsals. I pray that the good sense and politeness of our people may prove sufficient to secure quiet without any resort to a similar movement here. Yours respectfully,

Thursday, Feb. 3.

J. Q.

Wednesday evening, Feb. 4.

MR. DWIGHT: Dear Sir—It has been a constant topic of complaint in the papers for years that the lovers of the so-called "light music" do not allow the lovers of your "classical" music to listen to symphonies in peace and quiet. I am not ashamed to confess myself (even in your columns) fond of hearing potpourri, Strauss' and Lanner's Waltzes, the similar productions of Zerrahn, and the feats of solo playing given at the Orchestral Union concerts. Being fond of this music, I wish to have opportunity of listening to it in the same peace and quiet which the symphony lovers demand. But no—they are excessively indignant if I and my friends dare to whisper during a long and tedious piece of *classical* music; but when the lively strains of the waltz are heard they turn up their noses with a Pecksniffian air of lofty disdain quite refreshing to see. "That's only Strauss," or "That's nothing but a hash up of Verdi. We are above that!" and to show their contempt of Italian music, they begin to discourse in a very edifying manner, no doubt.

Now, Mr. Dwight, I will only add, that if your "classics" wish us to refrain from annoying them during the symphony, let them set us the example during the other part of the concert. If A, B and C wish to hear Beethoven, they must allow D, E and F opportunity to hear Verdi. "With what measure ye mete it shall it measured to you again."

VERBUM SAT.

MY DEAR DWIGHT—"Pity the sorrows of a poor unfortunate who has been attempting to draw delight from the Wednesday afternoon concerts, but almost in vain. Unluckily I am a lover of music both "classic" and "light." I enjoy the grandeur and sublimity of a symphony by Beethoven with the most devoted admirer of that great man; and on the other hand, I sit with no little delight—of a different kind to be sure—through the racket, and confusion, and hurrah-boys of a potpourri from Verdi's "Traviata," such as we had on Wednesday. But unluckily I must hear music in quiet to enjoy it; and here comes in the misfortune. During the symphony the light

music lovers are chatting, passing the compliments of the season, moving about from place to place, and the like, to the great annoyance of the lovers of that special kind of composition. Then when the second part comes, the symphony people take their turn, and pay off the former in their own coin. The result is, that we neutrals have a hard time of it. Now I paid my dollar the other day for tickets, and should be very thankful to people if they would not cause me to consider it a dollar thrown away. That they whose musical culture has not elevated them to the standard of the C minor Symphony should grow uneasy and chat, seems not so strange to me, as that those who are above lighter music and supposed to possess great musical knowledge, should remain during the second part of the concerts at all, if they can draw no edification from the music.

Yours,

A LOVER OF QUIET.

We would decidedly advise the lovers of Symphonies to heed the hint of No. 2, and listen to the pot-pourris and polkas with all the gravity they can command. It is certainly worth the sacrifice, if that will disarm the symphony disturbers. Let us even be willing to do penance for the sin and privilege of hearing a good symphony in peace by sitting through the "Verdi trash" with most respectful silence. At all events, if we cannot stomach it, we can retire, and that in the most courteous and quiet manner. But while the "classicists" are willing to make this concession, many of them doubtless will suggest, that probably the real objection to the symphonies is, (if it were honestly stated) that such music does not admit of conversation, and does require thoughtful attention. The lovers of "light" music do not perhaps care for any music which requires careful listening to. Their idea of Afternoon Concerts is literally of "promenade" concerts; the music to be but a light and sparkling accompaniment, or piquant sauce, to gossip and flirtation, and no more to be made an object of attention, as such, than the music in a dance, from which an enlivening influence is derived without a voluntary effort of the mind. It may be questioned, therefore, whether these persons are disturbed by the conversation or inattention of others during the performance of their favorite polkas. The whole difference is summed up in a word: the one class regard music purely as an amusement; the other regard it as Art and as an object of thought or feeling, as they would read a fine poem.

We add to the above the following quiz on Philharmonic manners, which has found its way into Willis's New York *Musical World*:

The Philharmonic Rehearsals—Rough Notes by Squibbs.—Like music—dislike bag pipes—went to Philharmonic Rehearsal—weather rather frigid—house cold—mercury below everything—listened to the Symphony—shivered through the slow movement—saw Mr. Fecher submerged in very red tippet—took snuff with him—said "weeder was much gold as was goot"—agreed with him—sauntered about the house—saw Emma Jane in private box—invited me in—accepted—introduced me to Sarah Angeline and Maria Mary Ann—Orchestra very annoying—too loud—could not talk without great exertion—Mem.—Orchestra should play very *Pianissimo* at rehearsals and not disturb conversation of the house—Went down stairs—saw Timm shivering, *Allegro*, in two overcoats—told him orchestra was annoying—said he would have it subdued—saw Gottschalk—winked at him—heard a lady say "he was two sweet for anything"—returned to Emma Jane's box—Gentleman from Germany, with orange hair, calls at our box—said he "was one of the management"—said "we mustn't talk, talking was prohibited"—Emma Jane suggests something about "a free country where freedom of speech is tolerated"—Bravo—Gent from Germany becomes disgusted and disappears—[Query for Hunt's Magazine, If one can't talk in one's own box at rehearsals, what is one to do to amuse one's self?—noticed large hat walking around with small boy under it—rehearsal concludes—found myself in a jam on the staircase—Hoops pressure very great—stood firm—Hoops obstinate but obliged to yield—Emma Jane and Sarah Matilda make a sandwich of me—Performed an *Andante* movement descending stairs, and an *Allegro Vivace* through Fourteenth street home.

CONCERTS.

Mr. GUSTAVE SATTER, in his third concert (Wednesday evening of last week) fulfilled his promise of repeating his "Sardanapalus" Trio, and producing his new piano quartet, composed "in memory of Kosciusko, the defender of Poland." Indeed, with the exception of the two vocal numbers, it was entirely a concert of original MS. compositions, performed by the author.

The Trio led the procession. Our impression of it on a second hearing was essentially the same as before. Without identifying it any more clearly with Byron's drama, we were struck with a certain degree of originality and beauty in the two first movements, and the want thereof, the reckless, Bacchanalian, mere physical impetuosity of the Scherzo and Finale. The whole seemed put together with great readiness and glibness, and not a little mastery of means. The Romance is really striking in ideas and treatment. The Allegro has a distinct leading and answering theme (the latter somewhat captivating), which are worked up in quite regular and logical sonata form; we observed a return, too, of its second theme, disguised somewhat, among the medley motives of the finale, thus giving the end of the work a sort of outward connection with the beginning. With this exception, we may say of Mr. Satter's music, both in the Trio and the Quartet, that it is more in the spirit of theatre music than of the Sonata Quartet style. It has ideas which interest you for the time being, and shows not a little talent and adventurousness; but it is fragmentary; thoughts come and go, and work together to no ultimate conclusion. It is chiefly episode; continually a passage sounds as if preparatory to a new scene or action on the stage.

The Quartet seemed to us a happier effort than the Trio, although perhaps less striking to most hearers. Its first movement is a strong and stirring Polonaise, indicative, we suppose, of the free and manly nationality of Poland. The "Legend" which follows, is sad, wild, pensive, full of reverie, reminding you now of Chopin in its melodic figures, and now a little of Schubert by its modulations, and march-like rhythms, and major chords ending a minor passage. The Minuetto, in the minor mood, is really delicate and beautiful; and the Finale restless, vigorous, and full of summoning up of courage as for a last effort.

The third piece was purely of the bravura order, a Fantasia on themes from *I Puritani*. It was made to display astonishing execution, and did it; but as music it was worse than nothing. The quartet: *A te o cara*, which can have no sense save as the melody sings itself simply, was ornamented, trilled and twirled upon in every note from the outset; and the noisy *Suoni la tromba* was, by way of "variation," turned into a sickly minor tune; the winding up was universal slam-bang.

Miss EMMA DAVIS sang a couple of Scotch songs with considerable acceptance, and showed that she had studied *Robert, toi que j'aime*; but she is scarcely prepared to sing such music in a public concert.

An extra concert, complimentary to Mr. Satter's subscribers, was announced. See advertisement.

The third of Mr. ZERRAHN'S PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS was enjoyed by a considerably larger

audience than hitherto, and proved a concert of uncommon interest. The programme was as follows:

PART I.

- 1—Symphony No. 4, D minor, (First time in Boston.) R. Schumann.
- 2—Grand Fantasia for Violin, Herr Eduard Mollenhauer.
- 3—Second Part, (Allegretto un poco agitato,) from the Symphony-Cantate, "Hymn of Praise," (By request.) Mendelssohn.

PART II.

- 4—Grand Overture to Goethe's "Faust," (By request.) R. Wagner.
- 5—La Syphide : Grand Fantasia for Violin, Mollenhauer.
- 6—Terzetto from the opera "Attila," Verdi. With solos for Clarinet, English Horn, and Bassoon, by Messrs. Schultz, De Kibas and Hunstock.
- 7—Overture : "Semiramis," Rossini.

To our astonishment the new Schumann Symphony made a "hit" with the audience. In spite of its novelty, its depth of thought, its earnestness of purpose and for the most part sombre coloring, in spite of the absence of merely taking melody, and of all trivial commonplace and clap-trap, it was heard eagerly and applauded warmly. So far as we could judge from a single hearing, it is in the main a noble composition; the three first movements worthy of the best days of its lamented author. We understand that its best portions were composed some eighteen years ago, and the whole completed in its present form and first produced at the Dusseldorf festival in 1853. The various movements succeed each other without pause, so that the symphony forms one uninterrupted whole. A crash in unison of the whole orchestra, commands attention to a slow introduction, with a 3-4 movement, the middle instruments, reeds, &c., flowing in thirds, with pleading, passionate accent, which soon quickens into the fiery, earnest D minor theme of the Allegro. This is a grand movement, with something of a Beethoven-like earnestness and directness of purpose, but without the celestial, Beethoven-like victory and sweetness in the midst of its sadness. The leading motive, however, is worked in like organic fibre everywhere. This leads into a Romanza in A minor, whose quaintly beautiful and serious melody, sung by oboe and violoncello in octaves, mingles itself with a reminiscence of the introduction, and then alternates, in D major, with a delicious, cool, fresh passage in triplets (sixteenths) by the first violins, while the undercurrent of that first theme flows in the wind instruments. Then a bold Scherzo in the original key—the same sharply accented three-four movement, of which Beethoven gives a model in his ninth Symphony, succeeded by a Trio in B flat, which is exquisitely fascinating and original, the first violins first leaning on a syncopated note and then gliding off in a smooth, liquid passage, made of phrases of six notes. A reminiscence of the first fiery Allegro leads in the Finale, which seems a strangely fragmentary, restless and unsatisfactory effort to conclude; not, however, without fine passages, especially one sweet gush of tenderness which seems to come out of the heart of the Choral Symphony. The bit of martial fugue, the loud and stern brass passages, and the rushing Presto at the end puzzled rather than edified us; so that the symphony, full of ideas and power as it is, has not made the impression of so pure a whole as his earlier one in B flat, which was several times attempted here some years ago, and which we should greatly like to hear played by the better orchestras of this day.

The new symphony was finely played, save only that there is a tendency to too much noise and

too little real musical tone in the brass. Since the first visits of the Germanians, we have not heard quite such smooth and musical blending of the brass in our orchestras as we could wish.

Wagner's "Faust" overture, also, was well received, and seems to improve upon acquaintance. It is not so brilliant—if it were, it would not be true to its subject—but it is a more original and more poetic work than the overture to *Tannhäuser*. It expresses the profound unrest, the high imaginative hopes and soul-sick yearnings of Faust with wonderful power, and yet, despite the monotony and pain of such a theme, excites and interests you to the end. The instrumentation is masterly, clearer and more euphonious, it seemed to us, than much of Schumann's.

The *Semiramide* overture was splendidly played, and Rossini's refreshing and spontaneous melody and harmony were just the thing to close such a programme. The well-worn Terzet from *Attila*, acquired a certain freshness from the instrumental arrangement, and its soprano, tenor and bass voices sang with tasteful expression, and good contrast, in the three reed instruments. Mr. MOLLENHAUER's violin solos were most rare specimens of finished virtuosity. There can be but very few violinists in the world, who have so perfect a mastery of the instrument. The pieces were of the ordinary unmeaning variation kind; a melody chosen to string variations upon, and not variations to illustrate the melody;—which surely is putting the cart before the horse and a false tendency in Art. We may say, he played an infinite deal of nothing with a wonderful deal of skill. For certainly, as regards any musical meaning, such variations are nothing; whatever the piece be called, when you listen to these solo-players, it is still the "Carnival" over again; that is to say, the same style of variations, the same figures, same ornaments, same passages, same tricks. The only question is, whether to string them upon this melody or that. Mr. Mollenhauer plays a melody so sweetly, that we would fain hear him more either in simpler or in more truly artistic music. His manner was modest; he shrank from repetition; but it was the demonstrative portion of the audience that insisted on having it all over again.

The Music Hall was all but crowded at the last Afternoon Concert. It seemed like old "Germany" times. The programme included Mozart's beautiful G minor Symphony, which was greatly relished apparently by most, especially the slow movement and the Minuet and Trio; the overture to *Zampa*; the "Vienna Punsch-Lieder" Waltz of Strauss; the *Attila* Trio; the Carnival of Venice, (an orchestral burlesque); and the "Wedding March." All these were capitally played. Mr. ZERRAHN's "Carnival" made a great hit, and will have to be repeated next time. It opened with a brisk and stirring introduction, with four trumpets, representing the rush of the people to the square of St. Mark, and leading ingeniously into the familiar Paganini air, that piquant, pregnant theme of endless variations, played first by flute and clarinet. Then came variations of all descriptions, "major, minor, heroic, pastoral, sentimental, heathenish," first for all the first violins, then the flute, then the violas, then the bassoon, then second violins, then clarinets, then 'cellos and double basses, and so on in turn by horns, trombone (rapid and

flowery, and played with great skill), oböe (in the best style of Señor RIBAS), trumpets—all, in short, but drums and piccolo, which ought to form a *coda*. The last variation is ubiquitous, phrases of the tune answering from trombone, bassoon, &c., from all corners of the galleries, in a most funny, startling manner; and finally a grand crash. The variations were cleverly contrived, most of them difficult, and all extremely well played. Of all musical nonsense commend us to the "Carnival," fruitfullest of themes.

Of the Chamber Concerts, by the MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB, the GERMAN TRIO, &c., we must speak next week.

Musical Chit-Chat.

This evening will be a busy one among the bees of our musical hive. Mr. SATTER gives his fourth and last concert (complimentary to his subscribers—such seems to be the fashion of the day) at Hallet, Davis & Co's, assisted by Mrs. MOZART, Mrs. FOWLE, and Mr. ADAMS, vocalists. Beethoven's great Sonata, op. 101, for the first time in Boston, will be a feature in the programme. At the same hour, the German "Orpheus," conducted by Mr. KREISSMANN, with the aid of the sweet voice of Miss DOANE, the violoncello of WULF FRIES, and Mr. TRENLKE, the pianist, give another of their delightful concerts at Mercantile Hall. And at the same hour again in the great Music Hall the HANDEL & HAYDN SOCIETY will be making their full and final rehearsal of Costa's oratorio, "Eli," preparatory to the public performance to-morrow evening. We think that "Eli" is destined to be very popular, and doubt not there will be a large audience present to hear it. No work has ever, to our knowledge, been brought out here with the advantage of such thorough and effectual rehearsal, as this has had under the wise and patient energy of Mr. ZERRAHN, with the best co-operation of the government of the society. The choir, in all four parts, are uncommonly well trained; the orchestra is fuller than any we have had this winter and at home in the accompaniments, which are quite rich and interesting, and the best available solo voices are secured. Mrs. LONG takes the principal soprano; Miss HAWLEY, contralto, the part of Samuel, which she sang with distinction in New York; Mr. C. R. ADAMS and Mr. S. B. BALL the tenor solos; Mr. THOMAS BALL (in the part of Eli) and Mr. WILD the bass. It will certainly "go" well....Mr. ZERRAHN's next Philharmonic Concert will take place next Saturday evening. The programme is not settled, but we understand there is a prospect of Beethoven's Eighth Symphony, and Schumann's "Manfred" overture (for the first time).

We regret to learn that Mr. ARTHURSON, our tasteful tenor singer, is about soon to leave us. He proposes to spend a few weeks in Montreal, and then return to England. Mr. A. for several years past has been of invaluable service to our best concerts, especially of sacred music. In the oratorios of Handel and Mendelssohn he has afforded the only true model of that rarest of all arts among our singers—the expressive delivery of Recitative. And in his singing of fine, classical melodies, however wanting he may sometimes have been in power of voice, we have always found the higher charm of a true style and feeling. His example will be missed. He has done much, too, to aid concerts for charitable and public purposes. We suggest that it would be no more than a fair return to offer him a complimentary concert before his departure. Will not the members of our various choral societies gladly co-operate in such an expression, and make it a substantial bene-

fit?....We are happy to announce the appointment of our townsman, Mr. CHARLES C. PERKINS, as Lecturer on Art at Trinity College, Hartford, Ct. This is the beginning of a movement in the right direction. It is quite time that our colleges should recognize the Art element in their programmes of instruction. Why shall languages and sciences be taught, and not the Fine Arts? Why Homer, and Virgil, and Dante, and Racine, and Goethe, and not Michael Angelo, and Raphael, and Beethoven?—Does not a liberal culture equally include these latter; and is not the artistic as practically conservative and renovating an element in the whole social system, as any so-called useful study? Measures are also on foot at Trinity College to establish a Professorship of Music, and thus complete the department of Art. Doubtless much of the impulse to this good move has been imparted by another Boston gentleman, Mr. SAMUEL ELIOT, who for some six months past has occupied the chair of Literature and History in the same college. Let our older and larger Universities be looking to their laurels!

Dr. S. PARKMAN TUCKERMAN delivered an interesting lecture before the Boston Art Club, on Thursday Evening, on "the Church Music of the Old and New World." His remarks upon our psalm book manufacturers were particularly spicy. We have no room this week to report the lecture.

Advertisements.

To secure insertion, Advertisements should be sent in as early as Thursday Evening.

HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY.

M. COSTA'S new and exceedingly beautiful Oratorio,
"ELI,"
 Will be performed at the
BOSTON MUSIC HALL,
 On Sunday Evening, February 15th,
 With the Vocal assistance of
 Mrs. J. H. LONG,
 Miss MARY E. HAWLEY, of New York,
 Mr. C. R. ADAMS,
 M. S. B. BALL,
 Mr. THOMAS BALL,
 Mr. H. WILDE,
 And a large and efficient Orchestra. The whole under the
 able conductorship of
 CARL ZERRAHN.
 F. MUELLER,.....Organist.
 Tickets, at 50 cents each, may be obtained at the principal
 music stores and hotels, and at the door on the evening of
 performance, or of the Secretary.
 Doors open at 6 o'clock—Concert to commence at 7.
 L. B. BARNES, Secretary.

BOSTON MUSIC HALL.
 PROGRAMME TO BE PERFORMED BY
GILMORE'S
SALEM BRASS BAND,
 AT THE ABOVE HALL,

On Monday Evening, February 16, 1857.

PART FIRST. 1—Overture, *Fra Diavolo*. 2—Obligato for B flat Cornet: Selections from *Domingo Noir*, performed by Mr. L. Newinger. 3—Anvil Chorus, from *Il Trovatore*. 4—Two pieces, No. 1, Song, "I've waited for thy coming"; No. 2, New England Guards' Polka, dedicated to Capt. G. T. Lyman. 5—Solo for E flat Cornet: *Fantasia on Old Folks at Home*, performed by P. S. Gilmore. 6—Grand Duo for Violins. 7—Scotch Medley, introducing twelve popular melodies, and closing with twenty variations on *Yankee Doodle*.

PART SECOND. 8—Marion Waltz. 9—Trumpet Solo: variations on a Swiss air, performed by Mr. H. Kehrhahn. 10—Pot Pourri, Battle of Sebastopol. 11—Quadrille, dedicated to the Charlestown City Guards. 12—Divertissement from Robert le Diable. 13—Battle Galop. 14—Grand Finale: *Rogers's Quickstep*, by Dodworth; dedicated to the Boston Light Infantry.

Tickets, 25 cents each, can be had at the Hotels, Music Stores, and at the door on the evening of the Concert.
 [Doors open at 6½: Concert to commence at 7½ o'clock.]

MELODEON.
 THE FOURTH OF THE
PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS,
 (Being the THIRD and LAST BUT ONE of the regular series of four) will be given on SATURDAY EVENING, Feb. 21, at the
 MELODEON. Particulars hereafter.
 CARL ZERRAHN, Director and Conductor.

THE FOURTH AND LAST OF
GUSTAVE SATTER'S
PHILHARMONIC SOIRÉES
Will take place at the
ROOMS OF MESSRS. HALLET, DAVIS & CO., No. 409
Washington Street,
This (Saturday) Evening, at 7½ o'clock.

Mr. Satter will be kindly assisted by Mrs. MOZART, Mrs.
FOWLE and Mr. ADAMS, &c. &c.

NOTICE.

THE Members of the ORPHEUS GLEE CLUB inform their
friends and subscribers that their SECOND Concert of
the Series of Three, will take place at

Mercantile Hall, 16 Summer Street,
On SATURDAY EVENING, Feb. 14th, 1857, on which occasion
they will be kindly assisted by

Miss LUCY A. DOANE,
Mr. WULF FRIES, Violoncellist, and
Mr. JOSEPH TRENKLE, Pianist.

AUGUST KREISSMANN, Director.

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LOWELL MASON.

Feb. 7. 6t

GEORGE F. ROOT.

HARVARD MUSICAL ASSOCIATION.
The Annual Meeting will be held at the REVERE HOUSE, on
MONDAY, the 16th day of February, at 7 o'clock, P. M.
H. WAKE, Recording Secretary.

Boston, Feb. 1, 1857.

ORCHESTRAL UNION.

The above Society respectfully inform the musical public that they will give a series of

WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON CONCERTS,
At the BOSTON MUSIC HALL, commencing on Wednesday, the 14th of January, 1857. There will be a large Orchestra, composed of the best resident musicians.

CARL ZERRAHN, Conductor.

For programme, see paper of the day.

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